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STUDENT REVIEW

YEAR 3 ISSUE 31

PROVO, UTAH

BYU's UNofficial Magazine



SR art by Cassie Christensen

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Editor's Note

Looking for the Future

I've become rather pensive of late. I've come to a crisis and a crossroads in my life. I must now make real decisions for myself, ones that will impact not just the next semester, but the next twenty years or more. On August 17th, I get to don a silly tasseled cap and walk.

I thought I'd share some of the wisdom and perspective I've accrued over these years in this Institution. The problem is, I'm not sure I have something that everyone wants to hear.

The question is "What do I do with my life now that I've completed the right of passage that says I'm ready for the real world?" You're right, I can do anything and everything. The world is open to me now.

That's just the problem. There are so many options, but there are no responsibilities. Oh, yes, I've got to be good and do the right thing, but that basically means not doing the wrong thing. As long as I do something that will give me a title and an identity: a computer programmer, a lawyer, a writer—work for a company and I'll be ok.

My debts?

To my family: just be a good kid

and don't mess up, "Find a job where you'll earn enough to save a little and raise a family of your own. Oh, and don't forget to keep in touch, Son."

To my church: again be good, stay active, get involved wherever you are, and don't lose your faith.

To my country and community: here again just a few don'ts to keep in mind when considering the options. As long as I don't do something violent or illegal, it really isn't going to matter much to anyone what I do—just as long as it's something.

I don't have to go back and help Dad on the Farm—there isn't one. They aren't going to call me on a mission—I already did that. And no one is expecting me to join the Army—they won't pay for my education now that I'm finished with it. So now, what do I do?

Not that I would ask anyone to dictate what we (I and the rest of this year's graduating troop) should be doing with our lives and our futures, but it seems that there should be a greater purpose and motivation than just being "successful." The generation that preceded mine at least had some idealism, if at times

misguided. They were going to make the world freer, more tolerant, more open and loving. In a word—better. And it seems they did, or at least something did: civil rights, equality of women, and a tad more restraint in international intrusions.

But what issues do we have to guide us now? What causes and ideals are there to inspire us? Money? Success? I hope there is more to it than that. Volunteerism is still a "nice idea," but it takes too much time, it gets in the way of career and future. The Peace Corps is worth thinking about, but then where am I when I get out? Development work in a rural Bolivian village would be nice, but it would take me off the track. I've got to be getting on with it. "With what?" "With life, and my career, of course!" It's almost like job and life have been married into one. We have wholeheartedly embraced the "establishment" the last generation despised.

We may not, however, have sold out completely. There may not be any great crusades or causes to join, but there is something more important. Some sense of cause and drive. But it's not going to come from out-

side, from the larger society.

We shouldn't lose our sense of unity and commonality with the rest of humanity. The obligation and responsibility to find a purpose and a cause must come from within, an internal commitment. Finding cause that makes a difference, maybe not to the world, but to the person next to us. To our neighbor.

We can be selfish if we choose and do it all for ourselves. Climb, achieve, acquire. But there is much more to it than the acquisition. Because the "things," of this world, as my Sunday School teachers taught me, don't get to come with me on the post-mortality trip.

It's true that family, church, and state are no longer defining our options. But that only makes our responsibility greater. It's more difficult to figure out what we should do to fill our inherent obligation to others, but the answers and direction must be defined by each of us. It is in the giving and not the getting where real answers lie.

Yours,

Merrill Oates
meOates

Our Christ-ian Duty

by Steve Goldrup

In a poem I love, Yeats describes a response to suffering and loss:

*Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
"Easter, 1916"*

For Irish revolutionaries, distraught with the revolution's failure, it was too painful to feel deeply about their cause. They turned stony. Of course, stoniness often follows disappointment and bitterness.

I often wonder how this fact relates to our duty towards others, a duty often understood only in terms of example-setting. I propose, however, that we should view our duty less as example-setters and more as saviors.

Many frame duty toward others only in terms of setting an example. Adherents to this view read the "light on the hill" passage in Matthew 5 something like this: light shining down from a hill reveals the good works of the group on the hill, which causes another group to glorify God. This reading is problematic for at least three reasons.

First, this reading implies a notion of example-setting enabled by judgment. Lines are drawn, sometimes self-consciously, between us and

them; we think of ourselves as exemplars to those needing example.

Second, this reading promotes pride. Exemplars see themselves as "the forgivers of sin, the lovers of men, new incarnations of Christ, saviors rather than saved; secure in [our] own possession of the true religion, rather than dependent on a Lord who possesses us, chooses us, forgives us" (Richard Niebuhr, *Christ and Culture*, p. 145).

Finally, this reading symbolically distances people from one another. Two groups of people connect with each other only indirectly through one group's works. The light that illuminates our good works also becomes a light that separates us from them.

When example-setting involves the problems I've mentioned above—judgment, pride, and distance—I believe it conflicts with a more important duty to others: the duty to be saviors.

This duty toward others is scriptural. The Doctrine and Covenants states, "they were set to be a light unto the world, and to be the saviors of men" (103:9, emphasis mine). Any duty as examples must mesh with our duty as saviors. Consider the next verse: "And inasmuch as they are not the saviors of men, they are as salt that has lost its savor" (D&C 103:10).

Another scripture teaches that

men and women "are accounted as the salt of the earth and the savor of men" when "they are called unto my everlasting gospel, and covenant with an everlasting covenant" (D&C 101:39). From this scriptures I conclude that on entering the everlasting covenant, we are charged with a duty to retain savor, and this requires our being saviors.

Being a savior connotes a more intimate relationship between humans than that implied by example-setting from the top of a hill. Being a savior involves entering a person's life and helping make that life sweet, not seeing oneself as a "new incarnation of Christ" and showing another the way to heaven from a distance.

Being a savior requires love, empathy, sympathy, and more. We can gracefully nurture in others the strength to face a particularly hard moment or to live well in general. We can do Christian (Christ-ian) acts that actually become saving acts when they enable or inspire goodness in others.

Mother Theresa probably internalizes this duty as well as anyone. She writes: "We must look for those who need us the most. Look for those who don't have anyone, those who suffer the worst misfortune: that of not having anyone who worries about them, who loves them, who cares for them. It is true: I would not touch a leper for a million

dollars. But I cure their wounds for the love of Christ" (Jose Luis Gonzalez-Balado, *Mother Theresa: Always the Poor*, p. 107).

Without care and cure and Christ, hearts turn to stone. The sisters "evoke the deepest feelings . . . from those they serve—feelings which had been buried by a lifetime of neglect and scorn from others. It is not easy for a person to know and love God when that person has experienced only misery" (Theresa, p. 61). "Fortunately, the witness of love by the Missionaries of Charity often helps people believe in a God who comforts and heals" (Theresa, p. 61). Saviors help keep others' hearts from turning stony, and they help stony hearts become soft again.

In summary, the point is this: our duty toward others is better described in terms of "savior" than in terms of "example." We are not floodlights marking the way from the top of Everest or Timpanogos, but rather little candles in the Shakespearean sense: "How far that little candle throws its beam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world" (*Merchant of Venice*, somewhere in Act III, I think).

We are potentially saviors. In fact, according to scripture, many are called as such. Admittedly, this may seem like an impossibly large calling, but praying for recognition of need in others and for strength to help them seems like a possible starting place.

Staff Notes

• We would all like to express our aesthetic appreciation for MEO's editorial poetry.

• Campout this Friday at England's cabin. Details available for the curious.

So we dream on. Thus we invent our lives. We give ourselves a sainted mother, we make our father a hero; and someone's older brother, and someone's older sister—they become our heroes, too. We invent what we love, and what we fear. There is always a brave, lost brother—and a little lost sister, too. We dream on and on: the best hotel, the perfect family, the resort life. And our dreams escape us almost as vividly as we can imagine them.

John Irving
Hotel New Hampshire, 400

"Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed are you amongst women and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

RELIGION

Reflections
on the
Restored Gospel

FROM

Catholicism

TO

Mormonism

by Donna Chase

It was not the first time I had found myself in this position. I lay curled up in a fetal ball, crying out in pain—not a physical pain but a wrenching emotional pain. The only thing I could think to do was to say "Hail, Marys," a prayer I learned when I was a Catholic. Saying those prayers helped and comforted me. The only problem was I was no longer a Catholic—I was Mormon now.

As a Catholic growing up in predominantly Mormon Ogden, Utah, I enjoyed being different; in fact, I thrived on it. I was never ostracized or treated poorly because of my different faith, as my brothers and sisters had been. I was my peers' Catholic friend, which they proudly announced to their families.

Attending Catholic church services in my childhood consisted of having mini-battles with my brother and sisters, peeling wax off the candles we carried, tying knots in the palm branches on Palm Sunday, and seeing who could keep the communion wafer on the roof of their mouth the longest before it dissolved.

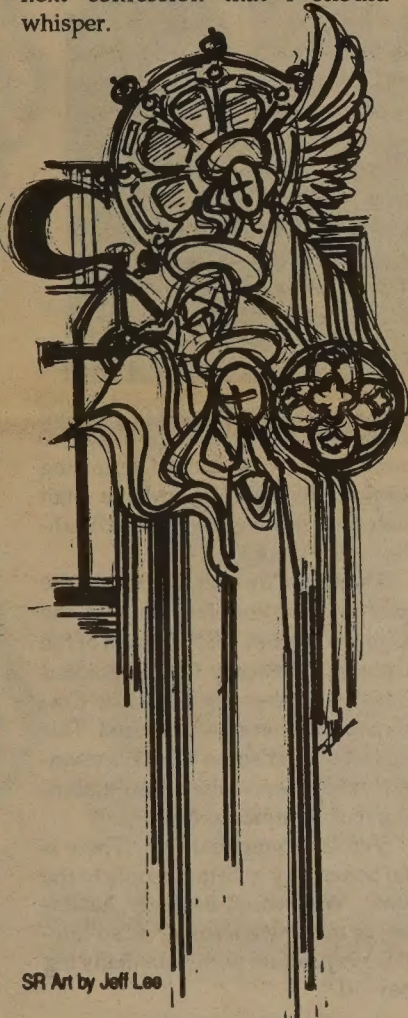
From the time I played Mary in the Christmas mass, I wanted to be a nun or fill a vocation. As I walked down the isle of our church during that mass, carrying a doll that was supposed to be baby Jesus, wearing a veil around my head, and trying to avoid holding Joseph's hand (I was seven), I felt a love for God.

I have always felt a desire to act out that faith and love for my God. At home we performed pretend masses. Of course, I was the priest because I was the oldest. We also acted out the Bible stories and parables, donning robes to fit the part.

Before I could receive my first communion I had to make my first confession. My mom took me to St. Joseph's downtown, a much larger church than my regular parish. The ornate building added to the splendor of the services with its stained-glass windows, huge lifelike statues, massive alter, and large pillars. The wooden pews groaned whenever we shifted in our seats, and the floor creaked even when nobody was walking.

As I sat waiting for my turn to confess, I frantically went over exactly what I was supposed to say.

When it was my turn, I opened the little confessional door, walked in, and knelt on the carpeted board. My memorized words, "Forgive me, father, for I have sinned; this is my first confession," burst through the quiet chapel. I learned in time for my next confession that I should whisper.



At 14, I was the main reader for another Christmas mass. Practicing a few days before mass, I watched how the younger kids—shepherds and wisemen—were instructed where to move and what to do. I held a ditto copy of the Christmas story, glancing at it occasionally. The nun in charge, Sister Mary Agnes, was frantically trying to get everything organized. She yelled at me impatiently when I did not immediately respond after she asked me to read.

Humiliated, I ran out of the chapel. I wandered through a field that lead to the mountain. There was no snow, but it was brisk. I began to run. As I came over a rise in the mountain and jumped off a ridge of rocks, I landed in the middle of a herd of deer. They all bounced off in

a scatter. Feeling the wonderment and confusion of that moment, I reached toward the sky and yelled at the top of my lungs "God!"

As the years past, my desire to act out my love for God grew stronger. I went alone to the chapel often. I would light candles at the base of the statue of Mary and pray for her intercession on my behalf. Sometimes I would just talk to her. I felt calm there. After praying for awhile, I would kneel and listen, half expecting one of those statues to talk back to me. Sometimes I would even fall asleep in the corner of the building.

By age 19, quite a few things had happened in my life, including a strong experience that converted me to the Book of Mormon. After my baptism, a group of men enclosed me in a circle to confirm me a member of the Church. At that moment I felt the love and approval of God, as I had during those days in the chapel with a lighted candle in front of me.

I no longer had my parents' approval, but I felt strongly about my decision. The night of my baptism I wrote in my journal how happy I was. I felt I was flying. One week later I wrote how the flying feeling had left, how I had come down off that high, and how I crash landed into real life.

I then moved into an apartment with my friend and attended a ward for young adults. The honey-tasting wafer used for communion had been replaced by torn-up slices of Wonderbread. The priest and his robes were replaced by a bishop in a suit. The ceremony of the mass was replaced by people like me giving talks about their personal experiences. Church was every Sunday, but never on holy days. And new things were asked of me. The first time someone asked me to pray for a class (out loud, with no memorization!), I stood up and—trying not to panic—walked out of the room.

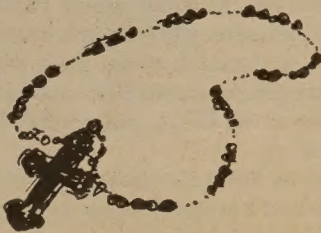
At 22, I decided to serve a mission. This, I thought, was my chance to finally fulfill my desire to serve God in a vocational way. It was on a mission that I learned all that was involved in being Mormon.

I know my decision at age 19 was right for me. I am once again as deeply immersed in my religion as I was growing up. My desire to show

my love for God remains the same. I feel good about the commitment I have made, yet sometimes I am uncomfortable with my longing for Catholic traditions. I still crave the quiet solitude of a chapel with candles, the special holy days, and especially the ritual of the mass.

Ironically, I am reminded most of those things when I feel the quiet love and peace of my Father in Heaven while meditating during the sacrament or while reading the scriptures. The religion of my past and the religion of my present seem so separate and yet so alike. How can I straddle two worlds that are incompatible in so many ways?

I had dinner the other night with an old Catholic friend, who I hadn't seen in four years. He said I wasn't truly a Mormon; he said I'd always be Catholic. That bothered me. Later, I realized he was not completely wrong; I think a part of me will always be Catholic—I cannot deny that I still say "Hail, Marys" when I hurt.



Counsel in the Scriptures

by Karen Dick

"But behold, I say unto you that ye must pray always, and not faint; that you must not perform any thing unto the Lord save in the first place ye shall pray unto the Father in the name of Christ, that he will consecrate thy performance unto thee, that thy performance may be for the welfare of thy soul." (2 Nephi 32:9)

Learning to manage my resources has always been difficult. Whether I'm handling time, money, emotions, or other commodities, I always spend more than I have. This problem surfaces at the start of every semester when I invariably overcommit myself with extra classes, volunteer work, and part-time jobs.

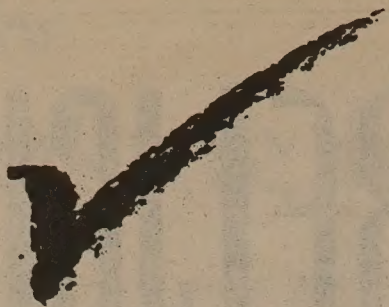
Last winter semester I did it again, which meant I had to suffer the embarrassment of "uncommitting" myself. Part of my decision-making process included petitioning God in determining my priorities: "How can I best use my resources?"

I'm always subtly surprised when I find counsel in the scriptures. This time from 2 Nephi 32:9. Nephi's passage admonishes us to determine our actions through prayer; however, it seems to be a pattern with me to seek God's aid only after I've made a mistake: "Help me fix this mess I'm in."

Why don't I consider praying about this before I make a mistake? Because I'm afraid I'll get an answer. I want to do what I think is good for me; I don't want to do what God knows is best for me. It's only after I've proved to myself—once again—that my own knowledge is insufficient that I seek God's advice.

Even after realizing the implications of this passage—implications about planning my schedule and spending my money—I don't always say a quick prayer before I buy a bag of potatoes or accept a date. Yet I know I have a greater resource in God to draw on in managing my life.

ISSUES



Will SLC Host the Olympics in 1998?

by Rob Bohannon

The Olympics are coming! The Olympics are coming! . . . Well, maybe. Salt Lake City has received the US nomination for the 1998 Winter Olympic Games. But before the Olympics come, the Salt Lake nomination must receive approval from both Utah's citizens and the International Olympic Committee.

First, the people of Utah must pass a November referendum indicating a willingness to support the Games. This would give the "ok" for the Utah sport authority to bond and build the needed Olympic facilities.

Second, the International Olympic Committee will meet in Britain in 1991 to decide between three contending nominations: Salt Lake City, a site in the USSR, and another in Japan.

Many Salt Lake area sports officials and business leaders feel very confident about Salt Lake receiving the nomination if they can demonstrate significant community support. Most feel that funding will not be a difficulty considering the profitability of recent Olympic games.

Thus far the specific issues of the referendum are still undefined. It will likely request a commitment from the voters to bond the construction of new facilities. This means the state will provide the collateral for loans made to the Salt Lake Organizing Committee. If the games are financially successful—which most expect them to be—there would be no need for any new taxes. The cost to put on the games is estimated at \$77 per Utah citizen.

"While there is some risk," commented Vicki Verela of the Citizens Advocacy Group, "we feel safe in saying the Olympics will pay back what is spent, although there is no guarantee."

Funding for the games would come primarily from corporate



SR Art by Jeff Lee

sponsorship. Jill Remington of the Salt Lake Organizing Committee commented that "This is the decade the Olympics have changed. Calgary (1988) showed that it could be done." Corporate sponsorship and television coverage have made the past Olympic games, starting with Los Angeles in 1984, monetarily successful.

Calgary pulled in \$900 million from hosting the 1988 Winter Olympics. The first \$450 million was spent on building new facilities and improving existing facilities. The Canadian Olympic Association was surprised to learn there was a \$150 million surplus at the end of the games. The \$150 million was put into a trust fund. They will use \$90 million to continue operating their Olympic facilities and donate \$60 million to sports federations for use in athlete development programs.

The International Olympic Committee (IOC) will base its choice on the structural facilities and the financial backing available to make the games a success.

In order to garner the IOC vote in 1991, the Salt Lake committee must not only convince the committee members that we have the public support—which will be shown by the bonding referendum—but that we also have sufficient facilities to accommodate the event. We have yet to build an Olympic skating rink, luge run, bobsled run and ski jump.

The Salt Lake area has been working to keep a high profile in the international sports arena. Park City has recently become the headquarters of the US Ski Team and last month hosted the US National Cycling Championships. Park City will also host the Nordic and Alpine Skiing World Cup this coming Thanksgiving.

Hosting national championship events in Utah gives us the image we need. The Salt Lake Organizing Committee's goal is to have Utah become a training center for US athletes year-round.

The Park City area will also be the primary location for most of the Olympic events. Vicki Verela of the Citizens Advocacy Group pointed out that neither Big nor Little Cottonwood Canyons will be used. This has alleviated some of the environmental concerns raised over stationing the Olympics in Utah.

Verela commented that "There is no better way to bring people to the state. What could be better, healthier, or more wholesome? It's a low-risk proposition with potentially big pay-off."



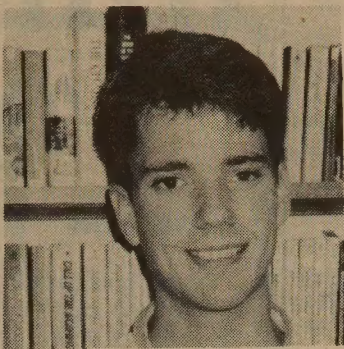
Speaking Out on Flag Burning

In an informal poll, *Student Review* asked a few of you on campus how you felt about a constitutional amendment that would ban flag burning. Here's what you said.



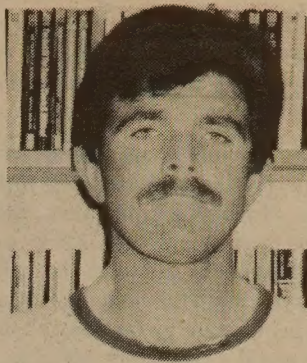
"It seems ironic that we sing about the flag in the national anthem, but we can burn it any time we want. The flag may be just as much an endangered species as the bald eagle."

Brad Taylor, Burley, ID



"The flag is more than just a piece of cloth. It represents many lost lives and the spiritual essence of our country."

Brian Scheck, Concord, CA



"Flag burning is in poor taste and I agree that the flag is very symbolic, but making a constitutional amendment banning it is extreme."

Doug Burke, Prosser, WA



"If Congress doesn't make flag burning unconstitutional, they express a lack of concern for what the flag stands for. Why should the rights of individuals be upheld more than the flag?"

Verna Wolfgramm, Provo, UT



"You don't burn the very thing that gives you the freedom to burn it. It's a mockery."

Tracy Floyd, Grand Junction, CO



"Well, Barbara Bush can use it for a scarf."

Karen Dick, Cyprus, CA



"I don't agree with burning the flag at all. But on the other hand, I don't really have the right to tell anyone they can't do it."

Lisa Despain, Provo, UT



"I don't think we should open the door for too much tinkering with the Constitution."

Joell Woodbrey, Clarkston, UT



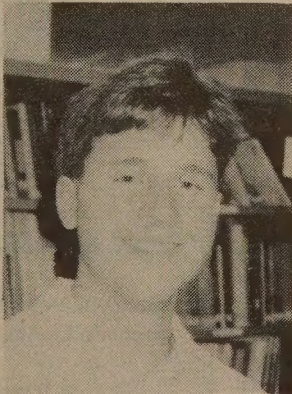
"The flag is the one thing everyone identifies with our country, so it's the one thing that should not be desecrated."

Pam Moyle, Springville, UT



"A constitutional amendment might create interpretation problems."

Bronwyn Brown, Modesto, CA



"There are more important issues to be decided by the Supreme Court. I would rather be a part of a country that burns its own flag, stupid as that is, than one that slaughters its children."

Peter Nuttall, Monterey, Mexico



"I'm disappointed that so many people are letting emotion rule over reason. The flag is not the United States of America. I suppose the people who really benefit from flag burning are the people who manufacture flags."

William Shakespeare, Provo, UT

You & Your Courtesy Quotient

Most of us never attended charm school, so we've had to discover the largely unwritten social rules either through intuition or—after it's too late—through mortification. *Student Review* wants its readers to raise their courtesy awareness by checking their courtesy quotient. Find out by answering the questions below. Sure, no one will throw you in jail for violating cultural courtesies—for not tipping, for being ungrateful, for being obnoxious—but such niceties make our world a little more tolerable.

THE TEST

- How much do you usually tip at restaurants?
 - I don't
 - 10%
 - 15%
 - more than 15%
- What do you do with pennies in the cups at cash registers?
 - I use them all
 - Overall, I take out more than I put in
 - I take out and put in about equal amounts
 - I put in more than I take out
- How good are you about taking phone messages?
 - I won't take phone messages
 - I usually forget to pass them on
 - I forget sometimes
 - I never forget to give a phone message
- How courteous a driver are you?
 - I carry a gun
 - People honk at me; I honk at others
 - People occasionally honk at me; I don't honk at others
 - I don't honk in anger; no one honks at me
- How much do you tip the pizza delivery person?
 - I don't
 - Less than \$1
 - \$1 - \$2
 - More than \$2
- How are you as an audience member?
 - I talk freely to the person next to me
 - I talk occasionally
 - I whisper once in a while
 - I maintain strict silence
- When was the last time you sent a thank-you note?
 - I can't remember
 - Over six months ago
 - A few months ago
 - Within the last month
- Do you tip the person who cuts your hair?
 - No. Am I supposed to?
 - I know I should, but I don't
 - Less than 15%
 - More than 15%
- When a friend has a wedding, what do you do?
 - My attendance at the reception is sufficient
 - I never buy a gift
 - I'll buy a gift for only very close friends
 - I'll buy gifts for everyone who sends me an announcement
- When was the last time you gave an excellent teacher a gift?
 - Never
 - Sometime during or before high school
 - More than a year ago
 - Within the last year

CAMPUS LIFE

"Y" I Watch You

By Adrian Larsen

I'm not going to tell you where I study. My study spot is like a Triumph TR-7 or a White Castle hamburger (both of which are unheard of here in Happy Valley)—you either love it or hate it. I love my study spot, so naturally I can't reveal it. If I did, I would most likely find NCMO skronk-monsters there when I returned.

I call it my "study spot" for want of a better term; I have to somehow justify the idle hours I spend there. If people think I'm studying, they'll assume I'm just a normal freshman trying to deliver on parental promises. I should study, but I don't. I stare.

There, from my private 8th-story perch with its two-foot square of humanity (that vaguely resembles a window) I lie on the polished concrete and watch the world. I watch the campus, the students. I watch you. And you're very amusing.

You don't walk on the grass. Why not? Are you afraid of the Standards Turf-Traversers Task Force? Don't worry; this time of year, every available employee is too busy looking for mini-skirt sinners to notice a few desecrations of the lawn-to-look-at. Besides, do you really know anyone who has ever been sent to Standards for walking on the grass? I didn't think so.

You have other interesting walking habits, too. You all keep to the right. It's incredible to watch. Is it the opposite in England? Why don't we complete this highway scene by adding traffic signals that chirp?

I also wonder about things that don't involve you. For instance, is there any truth to rumors that the satellite dishes on the roof of the HFAC are there to monitor forbidden cable channels? And why is there a broom on the roof of the MARB? My hypothesis here is that



SR Art by Jeff Lee

the grounds crew ran out of things to do. Why not sweep the roof? It's about as useful as blow-drying snowy sidewalks. And what about the wind socks on top of the SWKT? Why are there so many? In case one is in the wash? Or does it have something to do with the super-secret 12th floor? Is there any pattern to the pink and grey squares on the outer walls of the library? I can't find any. I think the walls were designed by a deranged architect on acid who has since been expelled.

These questions amuse me for a while, but invariably my mind returns to the people of BYU. I wander in wonder and I watch you. I find a sort of private joy in doing so. It's almost like what you feel when you pull up to a stop light and the guy in the car next to you is picking his nose. I'm privy to see things you do in crowds when you think nobody is watching. Occasionally you take a moment to stop and look at your

surroundings, and the reality hits you. For a brief moment you realize where you are, but you don't dwell on it; it's too uncomfortable. The war is coming soon, and this is the Lord's boot camp. You consider this and wonder if there's more to BYU than just getting married. Then you shake it off and hurry to class.

Alone in my eight stories of solitude, I have trouble shaking it off. I watch you and I feel, dare I say, pride? I behold the royal army and consider things to come. Will I be ready?

I notice the sun descending. Having done enough studying for one day, I also descend. As I wander home through the campus twilight I think about watching you, and I feel a different joy. A joy that comes from knowing another watched from above today. I wonder if He also feels some pride.

Coming Soon:

The

Best
of
Student Review
Year

3

RESULTS

Courtesy Quotient Scoring

Give yourself points according to the following scale:

- 0 points
- 5 points
- 10 points
- 15 points

Courtesy Ranking

Nightmare: 0 to 60
Abrasive: 60 to 80
Barely Functional: 80 to 100
A Few Rough Edges: 100 to 120
Socially Adroit: 120 to 140
Charmer: 140+

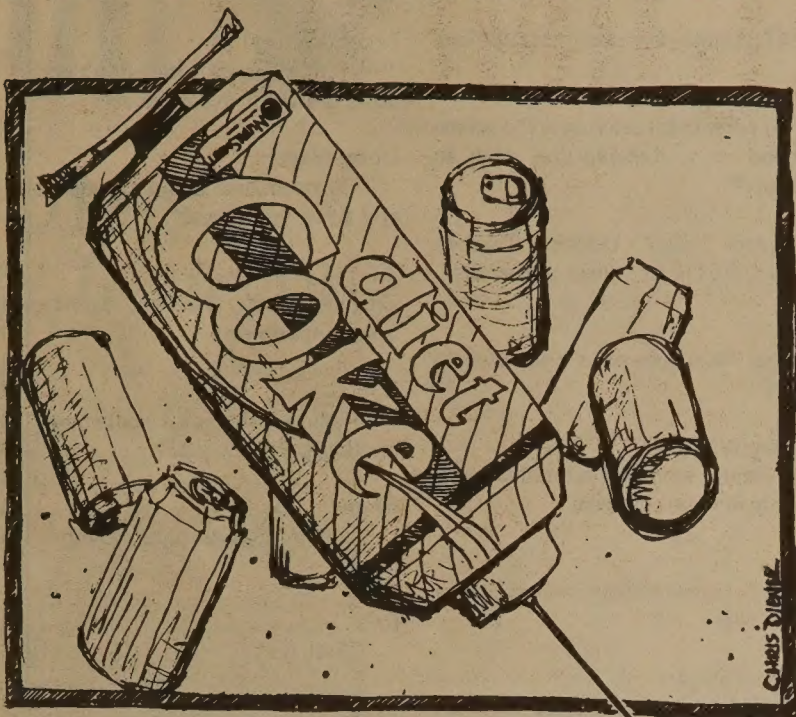
Addicted or Afflicted

by Phil Jacobsen

8:15 a.m. The alarm goes off. Does 8:15 come earlier every morning, or do I keep staying up later? It must be the latter of the two. I dread jumping into the shower, most likely cold from the 15 minute marathon showers of my roommates. That's okay, I need this early morning jolt to get me going. Why was I up so late last night? I wasn't talking, or watching TV, or reading. I certainly wasn't studying. I was just up!

Diet Coke. Diet Coke for breakfast. Diet Coke for lunch. Diet Coke for dinner. Diet Coke for in between meal snacks. Some people, those who know me, say I drink too much Diet Coke, and I say they breathe too much. I'm not addicted. If asked right now, I could put down my Big Gulp, (the fourth one today) and not touch it for at least a good ten minutes. The only reason I drink so many Big Gulps is because one day I'm, going to figure out exactly what the proof of purchase seal is used for, and hopefully it will be like green stamps. Maybe, I'll be able to buy a house or car with all the seals I've collected.

Perhaps the caffeine is habit-forming, but so is sleeping. I mean the more you sleep, the more you want to sleep. So the way I justify my strong desire for this liquid-of-life is simple. If I didn't drink Diet Coke, I would probably still stay up late watching TV. Then, I would sleep until the early hours of the afternoon. My point is obvious, I need a job to support my vice. By having a job I have to get up early, therefore fulfilling the early to rise portion of the little ditty—early to bed, early to rise...which I believe is scripture. Admittedly, I am breaking an admonition, which says I shouldn't take in caffeine, but what is more important, an admonition or scripture? Scripture I say. So, I am breaking one half scripture (the early to bed portion) and one whole admonition. As I see it an admonition is equal to one half scripture. Simple algebra ($A = 1/2 S$) found in most Math 110 text books. Therefore no matter what course I choose to take, to drink or not to drink, I would be breaking one admonition or 1/2 scripture. Since they have been proven to be equal to each other, I see no reason to quit. If



SR Art by Chris Diener

you find this at all confusing then you probably need to retake Math 110 several times, as I have.

The hardest part of the day is when I'm at work and school. Unfortunately for my Diet Coke fetish, I happen to go to the school where they will sell Vivarin and No-doz, with all the caffeine of two cups of coffee, but refuse to sell Diet Coke, that has all the caffeine of...well...Diet Coke. To make matters worse, I also work on the same said "Just say No to Caffeine" campus. By the end of my four hour stay at the Bookstore, where I work developing film, my mind is on one thing and one thing only. As a result, my thought processes are often impaired.

"Phil, could you get the (Diet Coke) film out of the fridge?"

"Look at the (Diet Coke) girl in this picture...What a honey!"

I can hear the cries of the self-righteous now. "You chose to come to this campus, and there are thousands of people wanting to be where you are now. Make a decision and accept the consequences of no Diet Coke." To those I say, I've decided a couple of things. The first, is that I don't want to be your friend, and the second, is that all the caffeine in every fluid ounce of Diet Coke in the world, couldn't convince me to be

your friend.

I've tried to change my lifestyle, one drink at a time, but it doesn't work. And, why should it? If I stopped drinking Diet Coke my room wouldn't all of the sudden become clean. I wouldn't become a straight B student overnight. That would take some effort. I wouldn't dress differently, although it would do some good. If I were to stop drinking Diet Coke, would I find another vice? Probably. I'd move to something harder like Mr. Pibb. The cycle would continue in a nose dive through all the Coke products, winding down through the Pepsi products, and Heaven forbid one day I might even experiment with RC. I can see it now very clearly, being interviewed by a PTL official, spilling my guts to the world about the effects of quitting Diet Coke: murder, murder, murder...

A scary turn of events, I would have to admit. If by drinking 128 ounces of Diet Coke a day I am able to save the life of one, let alone twenty or more innocent people I feel I am doing the world a justice. I don't ask for any reward of monetary nature, when you see me drinking a Diet Coke. But, a heart-felt thank you every now and again would be much appreciated.

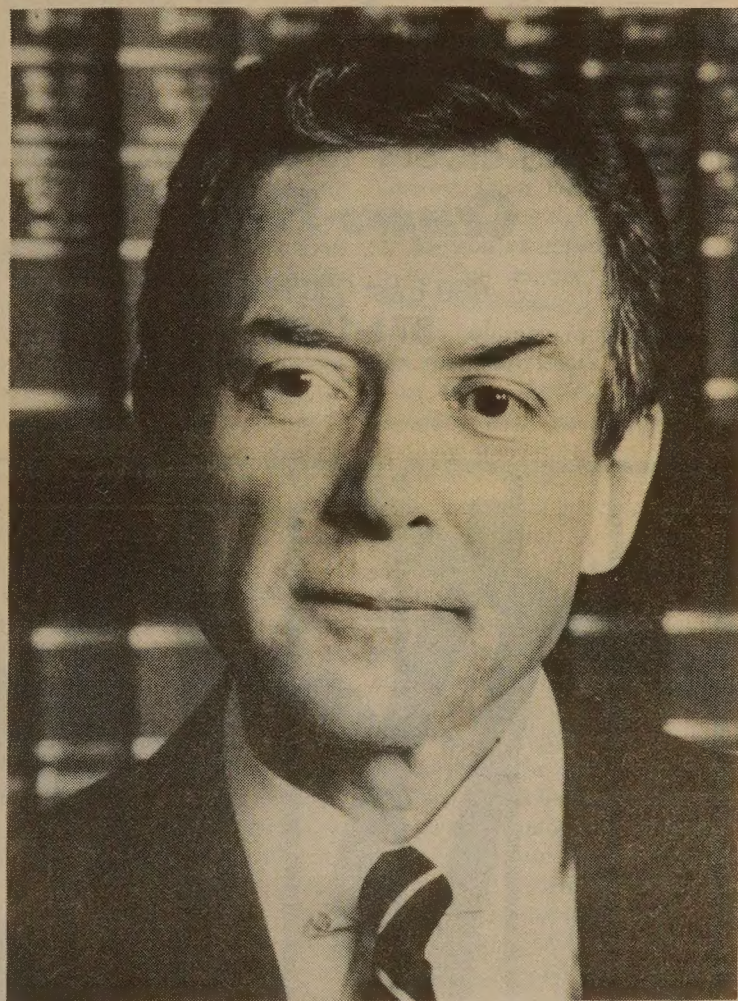
"Y" We Weep

With some remorse, the Campus Life section awards the "Y We Weep" award to U.S. Senator Orrin Hatch. This award goes to a former student of Brigham Young University whose actions bring a bit of shame to the old Alma Mater.

Senator Hatch was selected as the recipient of this dubious distinction because of the \$200,000 worth of unsolicited mail that his office sent out last year. For a man who sponsors the balanced budget amendment to the U.S. Constitution, sending out so many unwanted newsletters, at the tax payers' expense, reeks of hypocrisy. It seems strange too, that one of the leading opponents of raising the minimum wage is all for spending money to promote himself

and his ideas (Matthew 6:2). Are the tri-annual newsletters from the senator supposed to take the place of a raise for a worker at Wendys?

Utah Senator Jake Garn doesn't send out newsletters and neither should Senator Hatch. The Conservative Republican gets oodles of free air time and plenty of print coverage to state his positions. Why he feels that he needs to spend over \$200,000 to tell us that Ollie North is right and Edward Kennedy is wrong, we'll never know. What we do know, however, is that the senator's otherwise often-honorable career is being tarnished by this example of wasteful excess.

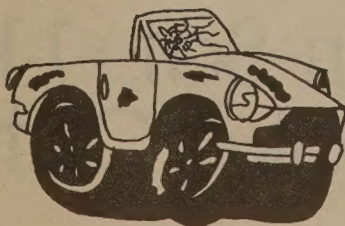


We would like to reiterate that the views expressed in the Review aren't necessarily those of the entire staff. In fact, some of us downright disagree with everything this paper says.

BYU'S Ten Favorite Lies

1. Failure to wear socks leads to sexual promiscuity.
2. We encourage all women to put their education first.
3. I bought this diamond as an investment.
4. It isn't a sin because Percodan isn't in the Word of Wisdom.
5. I usually don't do this on a first date, but...
6. It seems like I've known you forever.
7. We could have beaten Oklahoma in '84—no sweat!
8. We don't do that here.
9. She's a special spirit.
10. I'm just big boned.

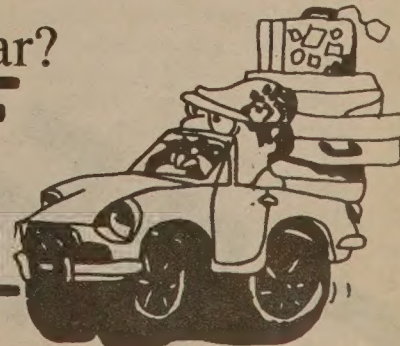
You Are Ready For That Summer Road Trip,
But Is Your Car?

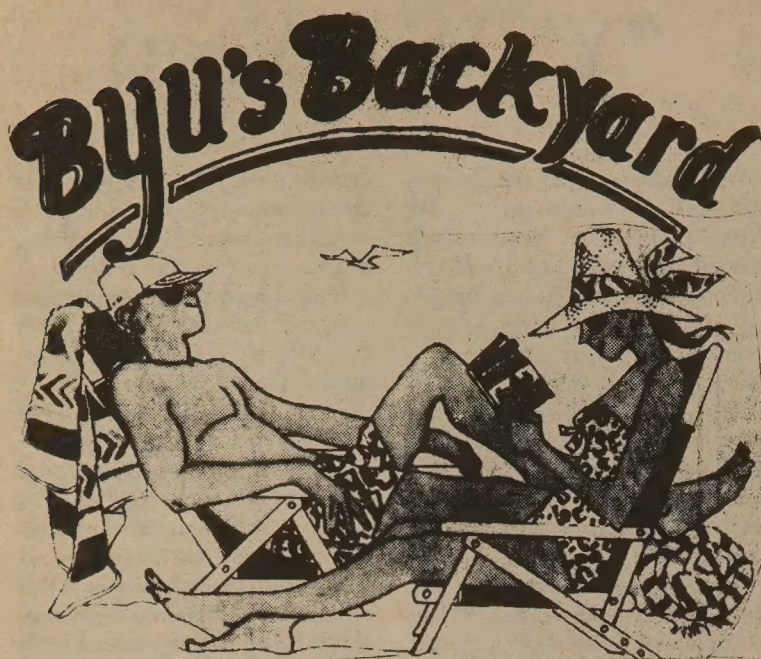


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Eavesdropper

SFLC, third-floor classroom, 10:47am

Curious Student:
"So what you're saying is the priesthood is a metaphysical blob in space?"

Gospel "false?" Doctrine Teacher:
"No, no, I didn't mean that at all."

Same class, same place, a few minutes later

Insightful Saint:
"Without women it is totally impossible to have children."

SFLC, outside waiting for an interview, 12:10pm

Upset Singer:
"I just can't understand why our ward doesn't have a choir."

Nice Secretary:
"Maybe it wouldn't hurt if you volunteered to direct it."

Upset Singer:
"You don't know our bishop."

Nice Secretary:
"Well, sometimes things don't get done until you volunteer."

Upset Singer:
"Come on, like many are called and a few volunteer?"

After a fireside, 11:10pm, Liberty Square Apartments

Rob:
"I need another job, I really need another part-time job."

Sven:
"Do you plan an ulcer or something?"

Rob:
"Well, no."

Sven:
"It's like you let your problems fester. You always say you need an extra part-time job, but you don't start looking for one until the day before tuition is due."

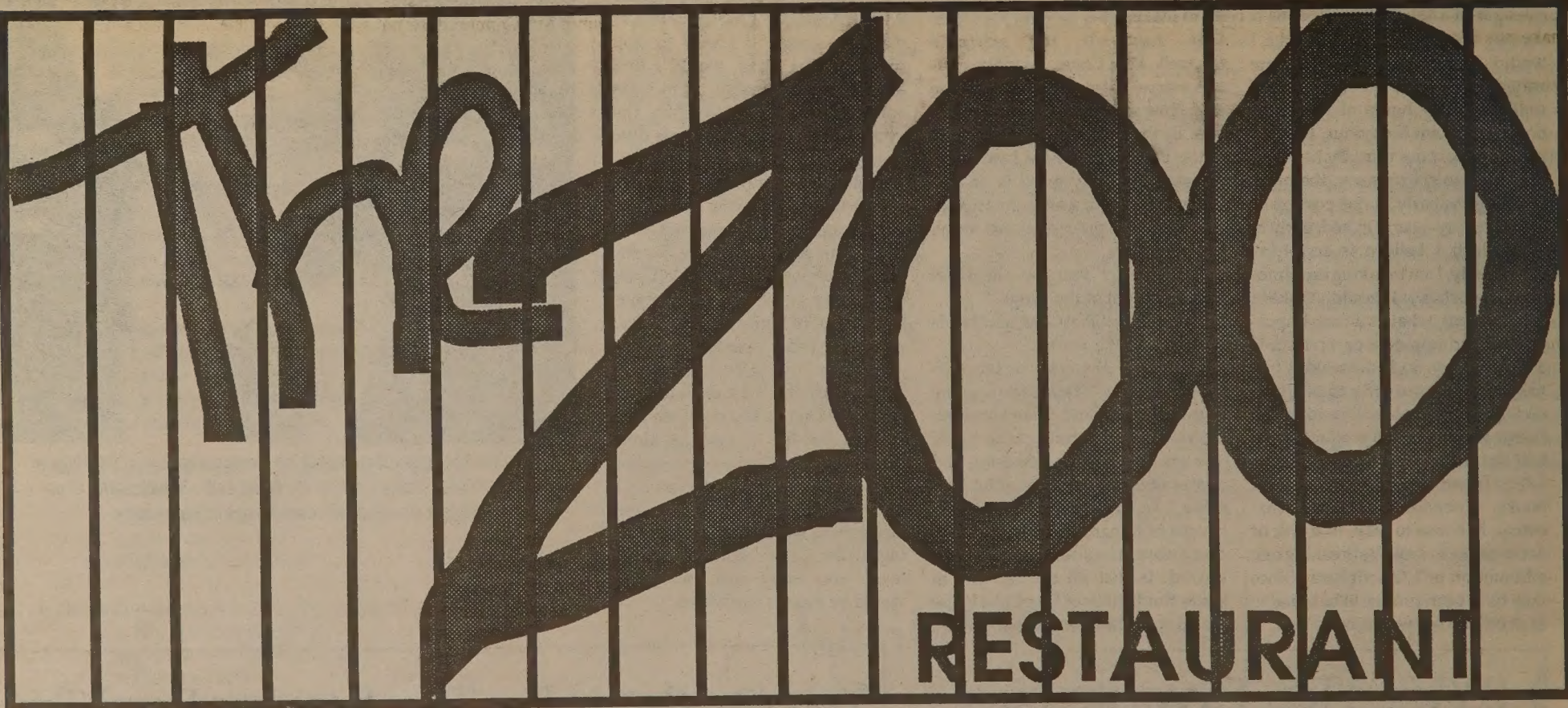
Rob:
"Well, I don't agree with that."

Top 20

1. Worthiness
2. CTR rings
3. Surprise visits from old friends
4. Making up
5. Fresh peach pies
6. Cinemark Joe
7. Dead poets
8. Bruce C. Hafen
9. Sincerity
10. Southern Utah honeymoons
11. Thrifting
12. Ward softball
13. Provo Canyon
14. Jane Saunders, HBLL Librarian
15. Manti Pageant
16. Hal Miller's forum
17. B-2 stealth bomber
18. French Revolution Bicentennial
19. Hot air balloons
20. Keeping confidences

Bottom 10

BYU Records Office, drought, Getting stood up, 600% parking violation inflation, hair loss, polyester, Third World debt, hot car interiors, courtesy laughs, iniquity.



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OPINION

Geneva: Finding Solutions for Everyone

by Karin Anderson

I am not an out-of-stater. I am no longer a student and I am not exactly a BYU professor. I have nothing to gain professionally from speaking out on a public issue. I hate politics too bitterly to be called either conservative or liberal. I'm not rich enough to forget the plight of the potentially unemployed. I don't really fit under any of the labels so often applied to people who are griping about Geneva's effect on the air.

I think the only category I consistently fit under is one which my grandmother called "Betweeners." Betweeners are people who can't make up their minds. They can't make a stand because they want everything.

Issues like clean air and industry bring out all the complexities of being a betweener. It would be much easier to be on one of the far-flung poles of the current debate, but the fact is, I want all the good stuff: jobs for people in Utah Valley, steel to make cars and buildings and temple lockers, high profits for steel mill managers, and—am I asking the impossible?—clean air as well. What's more, I don't want to wait much longer for it than I already have.

I read in the *Utah County Journal* this week that this request makes me a hypocrite. I know that, in many ways, I am. Not just in regard to my pollution gripes, but also in other areas. The *Journal* article pointed out to me that I drive a steel car—one that pollutes. Although I don't throw garbage out my car window or use aerosol sprays or send smoke from burning trash into my neighbors' yards, I know that my citizenship in the modern world makes me pollute in ways I don't even perceive.

But, my car does meet state pollution regulations. Geneva does not. Since I impose the exhaust from my car upon Geneva management and their families, I must respect their right to drive cars of their own. As a community, we have implicitly agreed to breathe each others' automobile exhaust, since we all contribute relatively equal proportions. But I do not feel hypocritical in protesting the disproportionate amount of ugly, poisonous chemicals Geneva releases into the air my baby daughter breathes. If my car exceeded emissions control laws the way Geneva defies state and federal regulations, I would not be allowed to drive it, no matter how many fines I paid.

I heard one prominent Geneva official say at the recent BYU symposium that he allows his family to live

in Utah Valley, which demonstrates that he is not afraid to expose his children to the orange air the steel mill produces. I certainly respect his right to choose what risks he will expose his children to, but he has no sanction to make the same decision for my child.

I have heard many times that the men who run Geneva are extraordinarily nice people. I know that they have suffered some vicious personal attacks and even threats from fanatical opponents. I am sorry for that, partly because such tactics are counterproductive and particularly because I do not believe people should be hurt. I respect the privacy, church positions, and civic generosity of Geneva officials, but none of these factors alter the truth that they are causing an inordinate amount of pollution in the originally beautiful valley I have called home my entire life. They are making decisions for me and my family that they have no right to make.

I have heard promises that a cleaning apparatus is on its way. But no one has said how long we will actually have to wait. I have heard many excuses for the delays—inadequate funds, uncertainty on upcoming regulations (which have been repeatedly contested and put off by Geneva representatives), even assertions that there really is no pollution to worry about. But there is something to worry about. The cloud of white "steam" that comes from the coke plant contains toxic benzene, phenol, and collialene. The "harmless" red cloud is not only ugly, but carries iron oxide into the air it colors. Ironically, the people for whom this monster creates jobs are also the ones who will suffer most from its effects.

Maybe I really don't know anything about it. Since betweeners rarely get everything they want, allow me to prioritize my requests. What right do I have to impose my priorities? As a citizen of this valley, I have at least as much right as the people who have already made vital decisions for me. First, since air is one of the most essential elements of life, and I have no choice but to breathe it, I want it see-through, fragrant, and invigorating.

Second, I want the people who work at Geneva to have jobs. I don't believe that these two requests are mutually exclusive: I have heard that steel-mill technology does exist that eliminates most of the refuse that Geneva makes us breathe. If that technology is impossible for Geneva

see Solutions on next page

Geneva Steel: in Defense of the Maligned

by Robyn Openshaw-Pay

Geneva Steel-bashing seems to be quite the vogue for *Review* writers, some BYU professors, and certain groups of the general public lately. Many people, I am sure, enjoy the fun that is had at Joe Cannon's expense. Interestingly I recently learned from Geneva authorities that none of the *Review* staff or the group that published an anti-Geneva pamphlet on Independence Day have ever met Joe Cannon or any Geneva executive, nor have they toured the plant or talked with Geneva representatives in order to see the "other side" of the issue.

A recent *Student Review* editorial cartoon depicted Geneva as a giant smokestack entitled "Gommorrah Steel." Several "humorous" *Review* articles and a flyer handed out at the Fourth of July celebration suggest that Joe Cannon buys friends in the community by donating money to charitable causes. Unfortunately, it is difficult to dispel this attitude since Mr. Cannon does not wish to divulge information about his many anonymous gifts and contributions that this author is aware of.

The signs carried by protesters at the Freedom Festival claimed that the \$50,000 donated by Geneva to the Freedom Festival was money that should have gone to pollution control. The flyer, published by some nameless private citizens, contained this quotation: "Geneva officials insist that this poisonous air is the price we must pay for their economic boost, since they do not have the finances to clean their own filth." Apparently, the sign-carriers were not aware that the contribution of \$50,000 is only one six-thousandth of the three hundred million dollars currently earmarked (and being spent) for modernization.

According to the Geneva executives, no public or private statement has been made or will be made by any Geneva executive "insisting" or otherwise suggesting that toxic air is the price for the steel plant's economic success, nor has any spokesperson suggested that Geneva cannot afford to implement additional pollution controls. This was a cop-out excuse used by USX before Geneva's 1986 closing, but it has never been used under the Cannon leadership.

The Independence Day flyer's argument that the Freedom Festival contribution robs us of our "birth-right" (clean air) is invalid. While many criticize and point fingers, engineers and executives at Geneva are hard at work trying to find the technology to reduce pollution.

A popular accusation is that Geneva Steel is stalling on pollution control programs because the SIP (State Implementation Plan) as mandated by the E.P.A. has not been finalized by the state yet. A preliminary SIP was announced last week, with new restrictions on PM-10 pollution (emissions of particulate matter over ten micrometers in diameter). While it is true that the state is over a year late on its SIP completion deadline, evidence shows that it is not true that Geneva is merely stalling in the meantime.

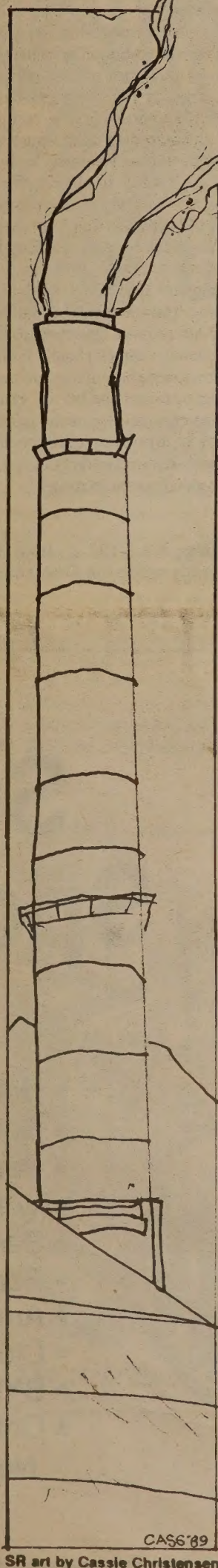
During the past eight months, the Geneva Open Hearth and Sinter Plant have been significantly rebuilt and upgraded in order to improve particulate control, according to Steve Christianson, an environmental attorney researching local environmental issues.

In 1982, USX-Geneva Works signed a consent decree, agreeing to use two more scrubbers than the number of furnaces in operation in each plant (i.e., if five furnaces, then seven scrubbers). A scrubber is a highly technical and very expensive pollution-cleansing device. Under the new Cannon management, Geneva voluntarily increased the costly scrubber units to three more than the number of furnaces.

An Opacity Report which Geneva submitted to the State in February lists fourteen pollution control projects currently underway. One project is the waste water treatment plant, which is currently being excavated. The estimated cost is between six and eight million dollars. The state requirements for this particular pollution problem could have been met with a \$150,000 expenditure. This amount would have appeased the state and brought waste to an "acceptable" level according to state standards. However, according to Steve Christianson, Geneva implemented the controls at a cost of \$150,000 and then went on to engineer the more efficient multi-million dollar treatment plant.

Further, since the Cannon associates buy-out, the company has personally hired nationally-renowned pollution experts, including John Cooper of NEA, Inc., to pinpoint proportionally and technically where the pollution is originating and how best to control it. Geneva officials are concerned that the steel mill is a 49.6% contributor to PM-10 pollution at the Lindon monitoring station. A Geneva study using E.P.A. standards found that Geneva is a 15% contributor of PM-10 in

see Defense on next page



SR art by Cassie Christensen

Defense from previous page

Utah County as a whole. PM-10 is any particulate matter over ten micrometers in diameter; thus, anything producing dust is a PM-10 contributor.

Geneva is committed to being a responsible neighbor. Mark Burrell, Assistant to the Director of the Utah Environmental Health Department, states that "Geneva contributed thousands of man-hours and large dollar figures to the state's effort to gather data for the SIP. We (the Department) didn't receive this kind of help from anyone else in the county." Burrell pointed out that had Geneva not volunteered monetary resources and employee time, many projects would have been paid for by taxpayers. On July 7, Burnell Cordner, Director of the Bureau of Air Quality, said that thanks to Geneva's assistance, the "Utah County SIP is two months ahead of the Salt Lake County SIP and probably the first in the country to be nearing implementation."

Many B.Y.U. students and others assume, unjustly, that Geneva is a major contributor of toxic pollution. In reality, the "red cloud" that occasionally hangs over Geneva, while it is not aesthetically pleasing, is almost entirely an inert (non-toxic) iron oxide. Last month, the National Natural Resources Defense Council published a document called the "Who's Who of American Toxic Polluters." It lists the 1500 factories in 46 states which emit the highest

amounts of toxic chemicals. Six are in Utah: Valtec, Chevron (Salt Lake), Kennecott Copper, Hercules, Rayloc, and Utility Trailer Inc. Geneva Steel is not on the list.

Since Walden Pond is no longer available for territorial stakeout, most of us must face the realities of living in the modern world. Pollution is a terrifying problem. Many citizens, including some B.Y.U. professors, criticize eloquently but offer no solutions to a problem which is not just Geneva's. A John Cooper study lists automobiles as a 14.6% contributor of particulate pollution in Utah County. This figure does not include carbon monoxide pollution, which cars are historically famous for. Geneva Steel has never exceeded state carbon monoxide standards, and is not cited as a major contributor.

Many of Geneva's critics could be literally called hypocrites: they drive to work in their steel cars, enjoy economic prosperity partly thanks to Geneva's 2500 jobs and 6900 related jobs, and sit in comfortable buildings supported by steel beams. Speaking of beams, perhaps some should refer to the Book that says we should pull the beam from our own eye before picking at the mote in another's.

Two years ago, Joe Cannon and Geneva were heroes. The reopening of the steel mill heralded the end of a terrible era in Utah County. According to Constance Lundberg, a B.Y.U. law professor, the loss of over 3,000 jobs, when Geneva was shut down

by USX in 1986, resulted in skyrocketing crime, spouse abuse, child abuse, suicide, alcoholism, and drug abuse rates.

Now stabbing Geneva in the back are pampered students, living in luxury condos furnished by Mom and Dad, who never had to live through the catastrophic effects of the closing of USX's Geneva Steel. We may sit back and criticize as we gaze out of our third-story Enclave Village windows, but we have no right to accuse until we have seen and carefully analyzed both sides of the story.

In addition to being ignorant of the facts, student writers of late have shown their lack of credibility and maturity by ridiculing Joe Cannon as a figurehead of the company. More tragic than community ignorance is the fact that many among us are too cynical to believe that Mr. Cannon sincerely wants to give to Utah County.

Geneva Steel is combatting Utah Valley's pollution problem. It is regrettable that B.Y.U. students are falling into the trap of isolationism and subsequent ignorance in their opinions of Geneva Steel. It is time that we stopped buying into professorial opinions and biases. Student status does not negate the responsibility to formulate opinions based on well-researched facts, rather than one-sided spoon feedings.

Robyn is a B.Y.U. graduate and is currently employed at Geneva Steel.

Solutions from previous page

to implement, or if it's going to take another five or ten or twenty-five years to arrive, then I want jobs for its employees somewhere else. I could wait another year for Geneva to stop smoking, just to keep people employed until another, cleaner industry took its place. At least that way I'd know how much longer I would have to breathe polluted air.

Third, I want steel. I guess I could do without it—my ancestors did—but I'd like to keep it around. Would I really have to give it up to breathe the natural air of the valley?

Fourth, I want Geneva managers to make a lot of money, which they are (*Forbes Magazine*, interview with the Cannon brothers, May 2, 1988: "None of us contemplated the amounts of money that are to be made"). But if I had to compromise on any of my requests, this might be the one. Couldn't they make a little less, even a *lot* less, than their projected \$360 million profit (*Forbes* again), for just a little while? I'm not asking that they starve their families. Maybe they could settle for the wages their blue-collar employees make, just until the technology is in place? I wouldn't ask them to make any less than I do—I'm trying not to be a hypocrite.

Karin is a soon to be unemployed English teacher, on the rebound from the birth of her first child, and a "concerned community member."

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Flag Burning & Freedoms that Count

by George Mark England

What does China, Iran, South Africa, Russia, and other dictatorships have that the U. S. wants? A law against burning their national flags.

Recently, our nation has been in the throes of patriotism and flag waving as it contemplates the implications of the recent Supreme Court interpretation of the first amendment right of free speech to include the right to burn a piece of cloth. Last week Senator Garn stated, "We cannot allow people to make a mockery of the values we hold so dear."

Why not? People do it all the time in editorials, cartoons, and on TV. Garn did it himself when he called the Supreme Court action "foolish."

True, our flag is an important symbol of our nation's constitution, its freedoms, and the people who died fighting for them. And naturally we should respect it. But remember, it is only a piece of cloth, a symbol. The cloth itself is not sacred.

Usually, when people burn the flag, they are saying that we as a nation are not living up to the ideals that the flag stands for, and therefore the flag is no longer a valid symbol. This action is interpreted by many as a mockery of America. But is what Congress has been doing with our budget deficit lately any less of a mockery? Granted, I can think of better ways of protest, but if Garn, Hatch, and Nielson are willing to outlaw a certain kind of criticism because it makes them upset, under the same reasoning they could outlaw any form of criticism of their



SR art by Cassie Christensen

voting record or any attempt to publish evidence of government corruption.

People say this won't happen, but look at the civil rights movement. People were outraged when blacks exercised their freedom of speech by drinking from a fountain, marching down a street, or sitting on a seat reserved for whites only. The white majority thought this act was equally as offensive to their twisted view of the bill of rights as burning a flag. Because they were in the majority, many of them passed unconstitutional laws restricting freedoms

guaranteed by our bill of rights.

Garn stated that "a ruling should be reversed" when it is "in support of behavior that most people in America find abhorrent." Most people also found the Supreme Court ruling on civil rights abhorrent too. Fortunately, because our Supreme Court does not run for reelection, it is not easily swayed by public emotions that many times are selfish, dangerous and out of control, like they were during the unconstitutional persecution of Mormons for practicing polygamy, the McCarthy witch hunts, and now

as some plot constitutional amendments to protect the flag.

This leads to another danger of legislation overruling the First Amendment. It will act as a political litmus test for those seeking public office. Any person who is not willing to dictate to others what their means of expression can or cannot be will be branded unpatriotic and unfit for office. Those who will be elected will be the ones who spend the most campaign money on flags and who have the most flags in their TV commercials rather than those with more relevant qualifications.

Finally, the legislation Garn and others propose will actually encourage even *more* flag burning.

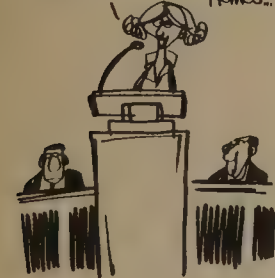
Those who burn flags do so to get media attention and to actually make themselves martyrs to an "unjust" system. Now, with no penalties or attention, they have lost their primary motive. Those who really want to reduce flag burning should rejoice in the Supreme Court decision and encourage all Americans to agree with *Time* magazine that the freedom to burn the flag is one of the most powerful reasons not to.

Let me make it clear that I do not advocate absolute freedom of speech. I do believe that society has a right to control freedom of expression when that expression threatens the physical, psychological, and moral rights of the individual and the state.

In other words, setting speed limits, outlawing firebombing of a government building, or setting restrictions on pornographic material protect our personal, moral, and physical rights. But these restrictions must be set very carefully. Burning a piece of cloth does not deny the physical and moral rights of another individual.

I too am offended when I see people burning the flag in protest because I am proud of the ideals and freedoms this nation should stand for. But if I want to preserve my own freedom to protest, write letters to the editor, picket, or strike, all of which may be equally offensive to other people, then I must allow a person's right to burn a flag.

IF WE DON'T PROVIDE PREFERENCES FOR THOSE CHOICE SPIRITS WAITING IN THE PREEXISTENCE, THEY MAY HAVE TO BE BORN INTO FAMILIES THAT DON'T HAVE THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL IN THEIR HOMES...



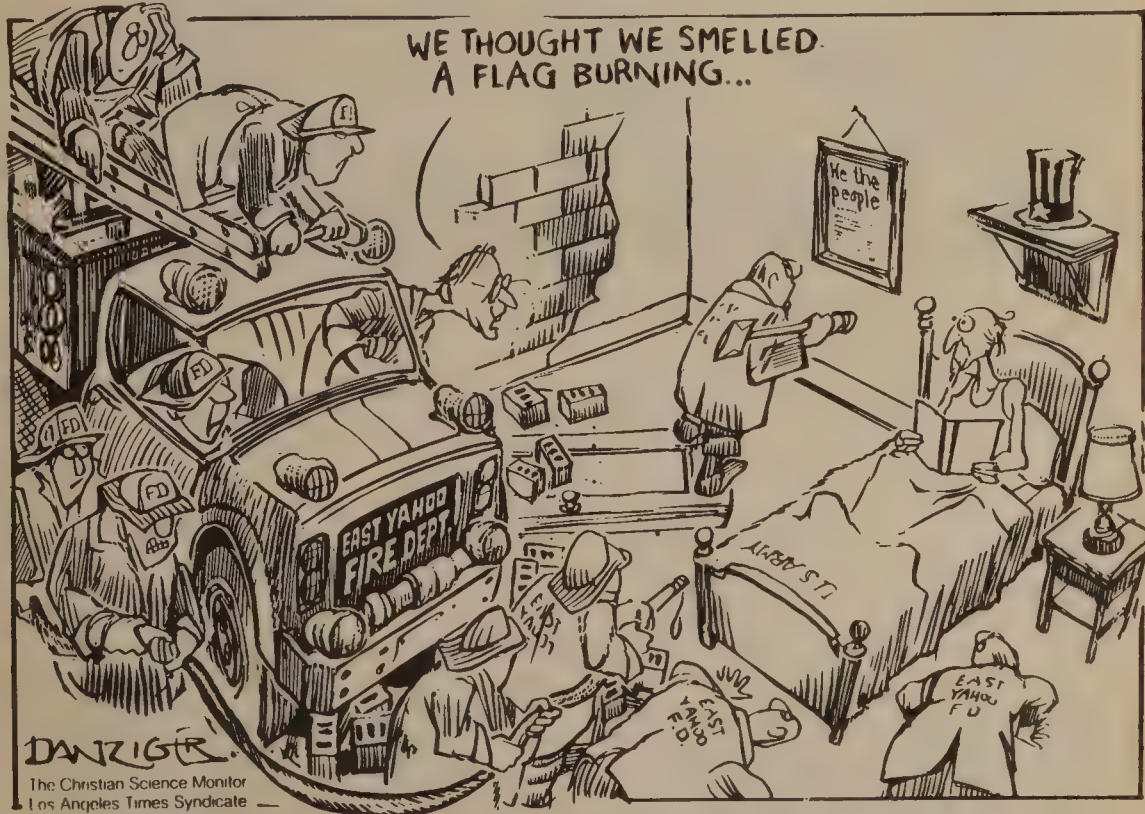
SHE DOESN'T RESEMBLE ANYONE ON MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY.



Pat Bagley
Treasures of Half-Truth



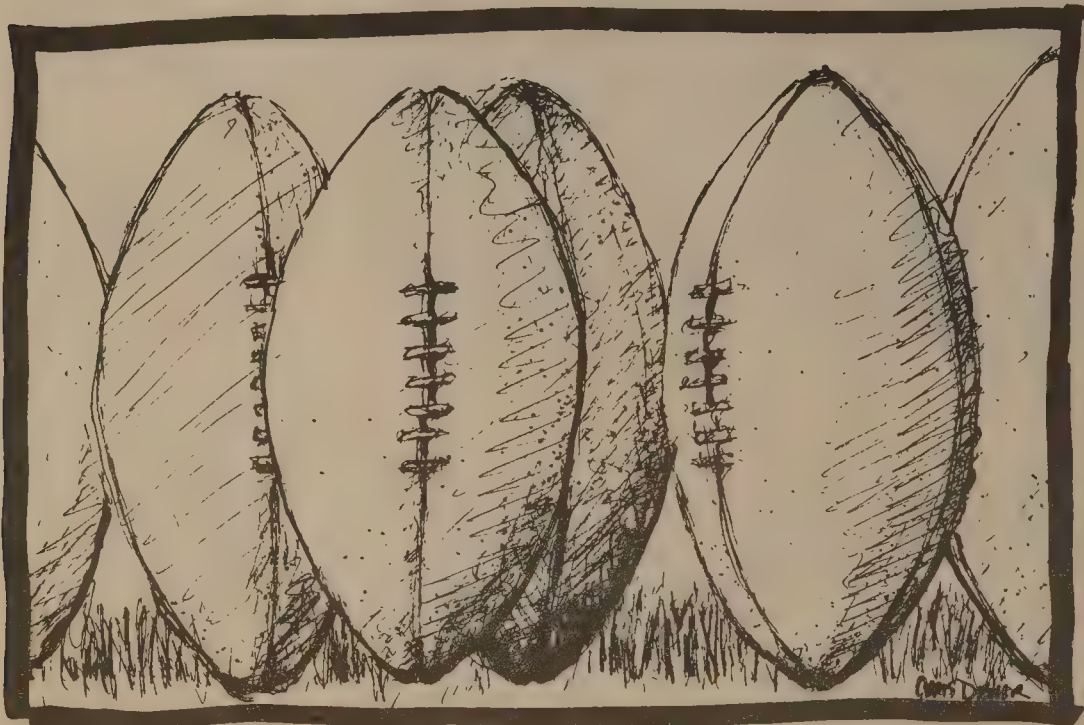
Pat Bagley
Treasures of Half-Truth



SPORTS



Dad & Me & BYU Football



SR Art by Chris Diener.

By Grant Madsen

Around my eighth birthday, Dad took me to my first BYU football game. At that time the stadium held roughly 30,000 fans, and there were bleachers set up in both end-zones. We always sat in the west end bleachers. The seats were always empty and cheap. I didn't understand everything that was going on anyway, so I didn't complain about the quality of the seats.

Gifford Nielson was quarterback in those days. The explosive passing game was new to my father (and the rest of the world). Once, when BYU was a couple of touchdowns behind Wyoming, we left early. To our shame, Nielson nearly pulled off the game, working from the shotgun formation. As I sat listening to peerless Paul James exclaim, "The thirty, the twenty, the ten... TOUCH-DOWN!" I made Dad promise we'd never leave a game early again.

As time went by, football became a tradition. About six Saturdays every fall we left Salt Lake around eleven in the morning and returned at six that night. In the meantime we would have eaten at the Sizzler, listened to both the pre- and post-game radio shows, and had a couple of hot dogs during the game.

In the early years the Cougars struggled. The game that put BYU on the map was against Texas A&M. It was broadcast live on KBYU, and I dutifully watched and took notes, since Dad was out of town. Winning eighteen to seventeen was a sweet reward for the years of support we'd given, and it was several days before

the dinner conversation revolved around anything but the quest for number one.

Sundays were never more enjoyable in my home ward than during football season. We are a stone's throw from the University of Utah campus: surrounded by Utes. Every year I heard how BYU cheated, stole and otherwise usurped victory and honor from its rightful owner. But as we concluded years before, you just had to love BYU football. I suppose Dad and I liked that feeling of being all alone, standing for truth in a hostile world. We were a modern day Mormon and Moroni.

In Salt Lake the BYU/U of U rivalry is pretty intense. When I was younger, the annual BYU/U of U football game was the highlight of the school year. With one bleak exception Cougar blue walked away with victory. Thousands of times I heard every possible verbal abuse of BYU, and thousands of times I was able to answer with a lopsided football score.

Curiously, my interest in BYU football peaked about the same time the team did. I was in high school then, and Dad and I attended the coach's press conference at the Hotel Utah several weeks before the season opener. There, coach Edwards indicated that the season started off with Pittsburgh and a fresh quarterback. He also reported that the WAC was stronger than it had ever been, and that BYU's reign as WAC champion might be coming to an end. Knowing his tendency to play things down, I wasn't too worried.

Going undefeated seemed natural to me. Dad and I watched every single game we could. The whole family watched the Holiday Bowl that year. Later, I cheered almost as much for Washington to beat Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl as for the Cougars in the Holiday Bowl. When both my teams won, I knew it had been clinched. BYU was number one, and Dad and I couldn't have been prouder.

After that, things were a little anticlimactic. Robbi Bosco played with an injured arm. The year ended on a sour note against Ohio State, and I left on a mission. Getting week-old updates just wasn't the same as going to the games with Dad.

But perhaps the most devastating blow to our tradition was my decision to attend BYU. The beauty of our Saturday excursions was the adventure. Like knights on a crusade we left home and family to risk personal safety and honor. Dad says that the trip down isn't as much fun alone. Being surrounded by Cougar fans doesn't provide the same amount of entertainment. The adventure seems to be over.

But, then again, maybe it has just changed. Perhaps our relationship with BYU football parallels the program itself. There is always something special about first times. First kiss, first car, first child.

Achieving number one has happened. Winning it all again wouldn't be the same—for the team or for Dad and me.

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Housing Questionnaire

Do you enjoy washing dishes?

Do you enjoy paying outrageous utility bills?

Do you enjoy traveling across Provo to get to class?

Do you enjoy living in Utah's 80+ plus summer weather?

Do you enjoy it when your plumbing, furniture, and TV all need to be fixed?

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Park Plaza	373-8922	910 N. 900 E.
Roman Gardens	373-3454	1060 E. 450 N.
Sparks	375-6808	999 E. 450 N.

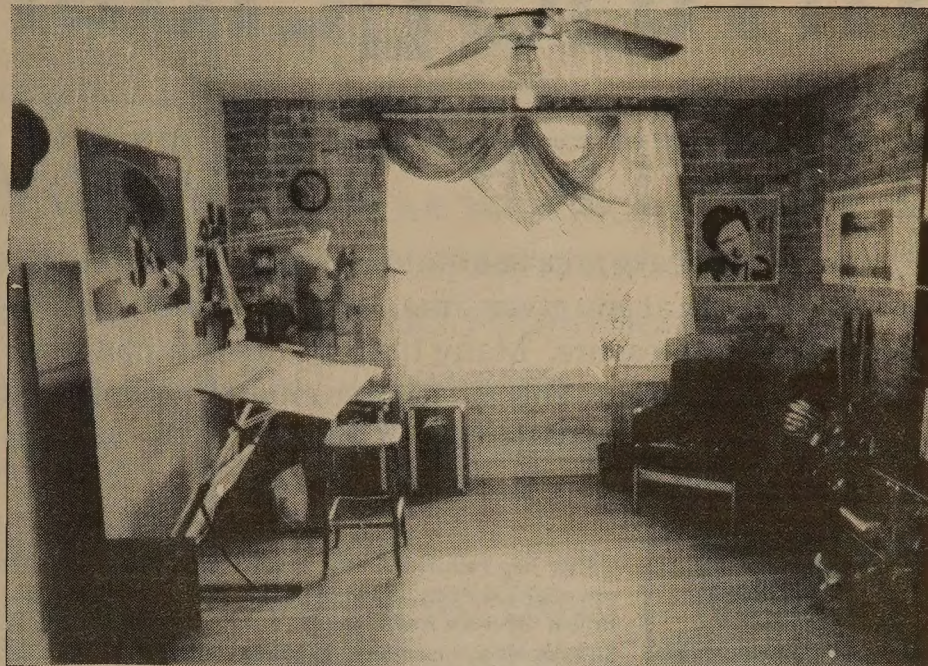
Now Accepting
Applications for
Fall/Winter

STUDENT DECOR SUPPLEMENT

New Student Housing Announced



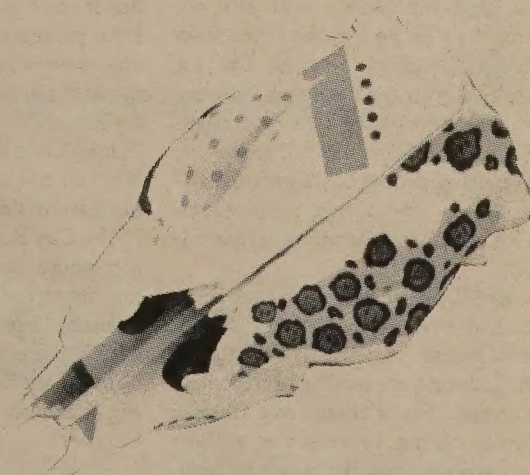
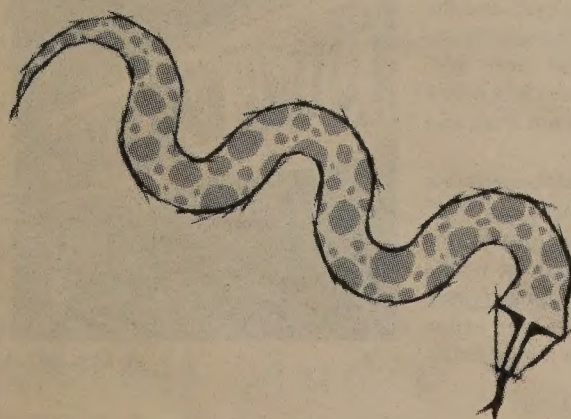
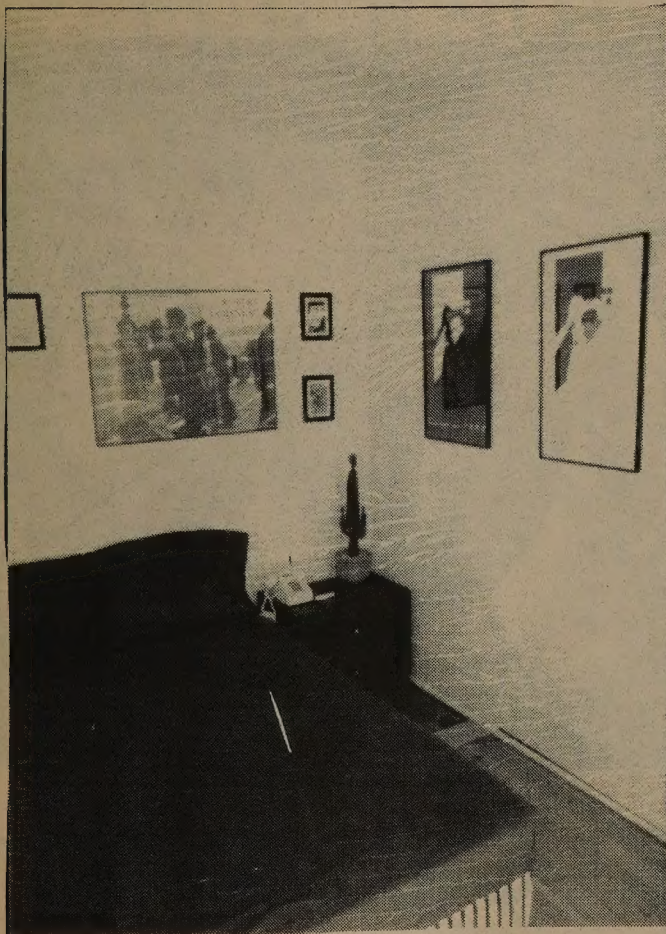
Rex Holland, a distant relative, standing in front of the former President's House. Since Rex Lee, the new president, will be living with his family in their own house, the place has been left empty. In that traditional spirit of paternalistic benevolence that has long characterized BYU, it was decided to remodel the former President's House to provide additional student housing. "If only," commented one administration source, "to have one student housing location where we can be certain everything is on the up and up." Limited places will be available for Fall Semester 1989. Call On-Campus Housing for further information. Rex, the Interior Design editor for the *Review*, was assigned to redesign the President's House for student occupancy. The model apartment, in Rex's own "funky chic" style, is available for tours. And here, in another *Student Review* exclusive, are the first photographs of what will undoubtedly be the prestigious place to live this year.



Entertaining can be dreary, but when your living room is "you," at least people know where you're coming from. Don't be boring—take risks. Scare people away.



Eating is just as important, as living or sleeping. Charming accessories such as paintings of reptiles or skulls can add that elusive touch to enhance your dinner parties. Bon appetit.



Gracious living can extend to and pervade the room where they tell us we should spend a third of our lives. Just because you're not conscious doesn't mean you can't make a design statement.

Okay, maybe your mother (not to mention Freud) would have the slightest apprehensions about your psyche, based on some of your decorative motifs, but no one has paid any serious attention to Sigmund for years now, and your mother can't be completely surprised about your apartment (She has seen your room, right?)

ARTS & LEISURE

THEATRE REVIEWS

The Provo and Salt Lake area has quite a number of excellent theatres and productions going on at any given time. We have chosen three to review for your entertainment pleasure. Many theatres offer discounts to the frugal student on a budget, and so this alternative entertainment is readily available to students who are willing to go a little out of the way for a very enjoyable significant other.



Backstage Dinner Theatre, Provo: *West Side Story*. Once again the Jets and the Sharks clash and crash, only this time it is in the alleys of Provo's own "turf." Staged beneath the stars among the rooftops, stairways and back entrances of Provo Town Square, this production from the very beginning has fabulous atmosphere.

Actually, the beginning of this westside evening is a delicious four-course dinner inside the elegantly redecorated Backstage Cafe. Dinner music, obliging waiters, and excellent specialty drinks are only a few high points of a remarkable evening.

After the well-served, leisurely dinner, the audience moves discreetly downstairs and outside to the play seating (the only weak point of the whole production). The play begins in the twilight, and the audience is immediately captured in this near-perfect setting of the inner city tale. At first the cast seemed a trifle young, but then it occurred to me that the Sharks and Jets are meant to be young, younger than they are usually portrayed. The cast easily draws the audience into the emotion of the play. The choreography and blocking are full and exciting, using the set to its greatest advantage. The acting is excellent. And, of course, the music is marvelous.

At \$20 per person Backstage presents an evening of first-rate dining and theater. This price is reasonable, considering the quality of the entire evening. For a distinctive date, a group outing, or even just a night out with friends, Backstage is excellent entertainment. *West Side Story* runs Friday and Saturday nights through mid-August.

City Rep Family Theatre, downtown Salt Lake City: *The Mikado*. The British "operetta kings" Gilbert and Sullivan are at their tongue-in-cheek best in *The Mikado*, an operetta satirizing Victorian social mores as they are superimposed on a stereotyped turn-of-the-century Japanese society. Though the plot borders on the absurd, this romantic comedy is filled with puns, lively action, and, of course, their trademark rollicking songs that make everyone laugh all the more.

The City Rep's production, while fast-paced and colorful, loses some of the inherent dry humor that makes the piece such a universal favorite. The characters tend to be a little overdone or a little underdone,



with the notable exceptions of Koko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu, and Katisha, the elderly unrequited lover of the hero Nanki-Poo. The production seemed rather amateurish and is fair for amateur theater, but it isn't quite what one expects from professional theater. The lead voices were good, however, and the musical parts of the show were enjoyable. Of particular note was "Three Little Maids From School Are We," by the heroine Yum Yum and her handmaidens.

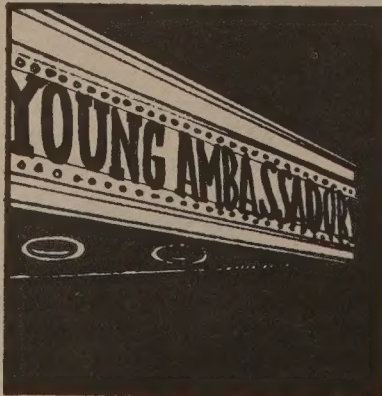
The City Rep's *Mikado* is enjoyable if, to quote the play, you have a "yen" for this sort of thing. *The Mikado* runs through September 2, along with a City Rep production of *Anne of Green Gables*. City Rep Theatre is an amusing alternative for fun family entertainment.

Promised Valley Playhouse, downtown Salt Lake City: *Celebrating the Light* with BYU's Young Ambassadors. The lights go down in this nearly century-old playhouse and on the stage the Young Ambassadors begin to sing and dance and perform with all the energy they're known for.

Celebrating the Light is a new LDS-oriented production, a very well-done sort of variety show that touches on prayer, patriotism, love, and self esteem in a series of high-energy song and dance vignettes.

The Young Ambassadors come across with their ultra-friendly, magnetic personality as usual, but they really outdo themselves with the gospel-rock, southern spiritual Noah's Ark scene. The costumes and set are great, the dancing is exciting, and the audience literally claps, taps, and sings through the scene along with the cast. For the most part the script is amusing, witty and fast-paced, but other parts of the show aren't quite as magical and powerful. Forgiving a few vaguely sappy portions, the audience enjoys this show, and its delivery is strong throughout.

The Young Ambassadors earn and deserve their prestige with productions like *Celebrating the Light*. They showcase their considerable talent and our religion's values very well. *Celebrating the Light* runs through September 2 at the Promised Valley Playhouse.



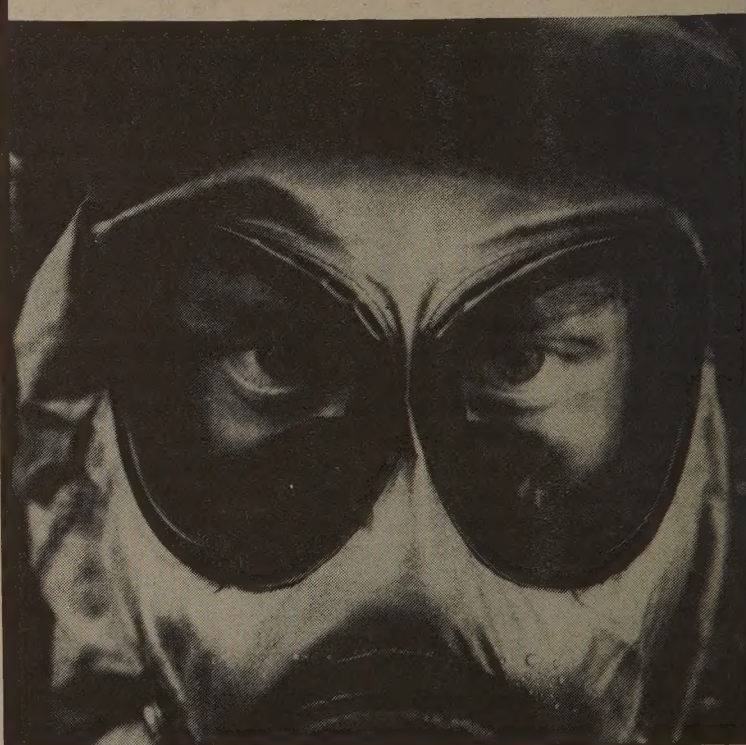
SR Art by Jeff Lee



Photograph by Karina Raby (Waterford School)

Utah Valley

Welcome to Your Future



Clean Air

Not Just a Luxury

by Jeff Lee

Three Poems

Maxfield's Transfiguration

Climbing up through the arteries of Greenwich the chiseled buck-a-roo takes a christening breath of his new neighborhood. Lime neon lures his attention way from the hissing subway steam that's spitting up on his loafers. Teasing plates of ravioli hold him back in time to miss a cab that makes obscene threats in Greek. At the lip of the park, four men, all hell-bent for leather graze his innocence and squared jaw. "Me, a loaded pistol? Unusual." he thinks as worn red bricks take his hand to his one-room home.

Two weeks later, a calloused Maxfield will drink his coffee and see a new buck-a-roo rise from the subway. He'll smile and toast the stranger.

Collision

You won't see the enemy until the senses put this scene into slow motion. A surrealistic film will wrap around your mind so tight that the only sound you'll hear is the smearing ring of a friend's O—h S—h—i that spans your awareness (a bit) while you brace yourself against the dash. And you're not driving so there's sufficient time to produce those blurry images of Hell and the earthworm neighbors you'll have in just three days.

Ready? Here comes the black Cadillac that eats away the fender like some ravenous shark, groaning and passing out from impact. Grill still smiling he bounces you like bingo balls and spills the shattered glass and your nice day across the road.

Bookstore

My entrance is announced by a multitude of tiny brass collisions that proclaim yet another would-be shopper has penetrated the dusty walls of a sixties-throwback book fortress.

The cedar floorboards foretell my arrival to a counter streaked with Windex. I carve through the must of yellow paper and the haze of vanilla incense until finally my fingertips press the glass. "Steinbeck please."

BAM! A breathy hippie girl races towards me like a mosquito to a fat man. A complete set of berry-tinted lips ooze "Cannery Row, college boy?" ... She is saying something else too

but the tinkling of healing crystals with the voodoo pucas and the loud application of Cleopatra eyeliner are winning the battle for my attention. I fall like a third world president, wallowing in the thrill of new-found infatuation.

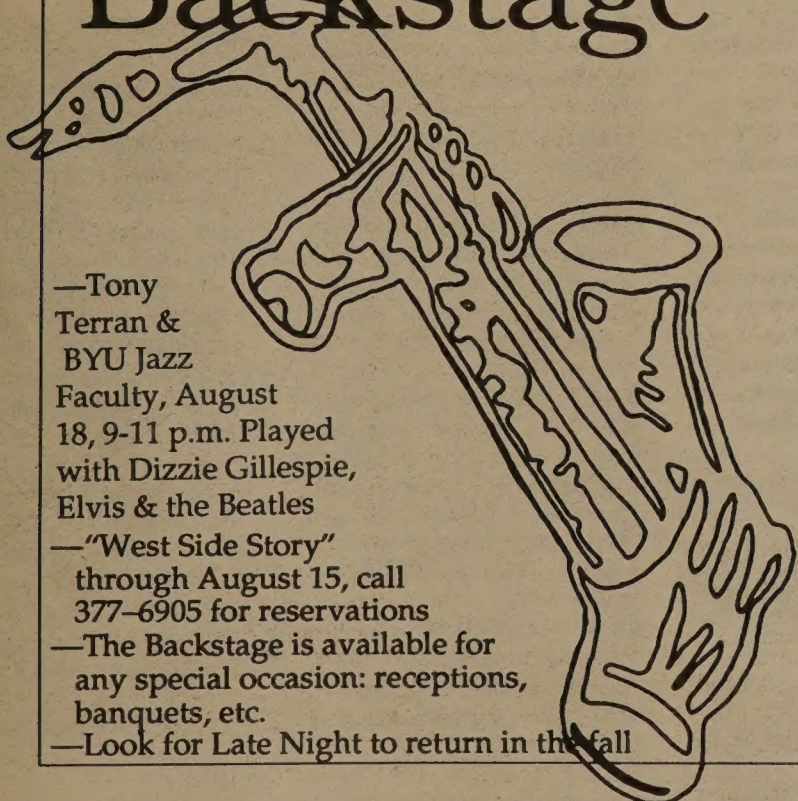
If you'd like to:

- tell about
 - your trip
 - your brother
 - your beloved
 - your book
 - your class
 - your vocation
 - your avocation
- beef up your resume
- justify yourself
- sanctify yourself
- propose
- reject
- make my day
- make your day
- make your mother's day
- tell someone off
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- review
- revere
- recall
- rewrite
- amend
- make amends
- or say anything at all ...

Please send your essays, works of art, letters, stories, poems, phone number and picture, articles and opinions to:

Student Review,
P.O. Box 7092, Provo, 84602

Backstage



—Tony Terran & BYU Jazz Faculty, August 18, 9-11 p.m. Played with Dizzie Gillespie, Elvis & the Beatles
—“West Side Story” through August 15, call 377-6905 for reservations
—The Backstage is available for any special occasion: receptions, banquets, etc.
—Look for Late Night to return in the fall

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Dead Goat Saloon, 165 S West Temple, SLC, 328-GOAT
Fifth, 980 N 500 W, Bountiful, 295-9983
Foundation, 401 E 200 S, SLC, 328-8471
Good Spirits, 5180 S State, SLC, 269-9309
LeMar's, 210 W Center, Provo, 373-9014
Nino's Cabaret, 136 E South, SLC, 359-0501
Rafters, 485 W 4800 S, SLC, 262-4149
Speedway Cafe, 505 W 500 S, SLC, 532-5733
Tommy B's, 1084 S State, SLC, 328-3300
Tram Room, Snowbird, 521-6040
The Word, 401 S 400 W, SLC, 278-1575
Zephyr, 301 S West Temple, SLC, 355-CLUB

Top 40

La Casa, 210 State Highway, Lehi, 768-9073
Maggie McGee's, 6243 Highland Drive, SLC, 273-9899
Norwood, 1726 W N Temple, 539-9484
Olympic Club, 1193 Wilmington Ave., SLC, 466-1796
P.J.'s, 3165 S 1300 E, SLC, 466-0838
Sage Supper Club, 8136 S State, SLC, 255-5301
Sojourner, 3939 S Highland Dr., SLC, 273-9828
Totem's, 532 S Redwood Road, SLC, 975-0401
Westridge, 7642 S State, SLC, 255-9872

Blues & Jazz

Aerie, Snowbird, 521-6040
D.B. Cooper's, 19 E 200 S, SLC, 532-2948
Green Parrot, 155 W 200 S, SLC, 363-3201
Green Street, 610 Trolley Square, SLC, 532-4200
Grey Moose, 2327 Grant, Ogden, 399-5421

Park City

Alamo, 447 Main, 649-2380
The Club, 447 Main, 649-6693
Cicero's, 306 Main, 649-5044
Chip Shot, Olympic Hotel, 1895 Sidewinder Dr., 649-2900
Down Under, 573 Main, 649-8051
Grub Steak, 649-3729
Z Place, 427 Main, 645-9200

CONCERTS

July 27-28, **Utah Jazz and Blues Festival**, Friday and Sat., Snowbird Pavilion. Call 467-5996 for info and tickets.
July 28, 29, and 30, Utah Symphony presents its annual **Mozart Festival**. The first concert will be in Symphony

Hall on Friday, July 28 at 8:00 pm. The second concert will be presented Saturday, July 29 at Deer Valley at 7:30 pm. The festival will conclude Sunday, July 30 at 4:00 pm at Snowbird. For more info call 533-6407

Aug. 6, **Utah Valley Symphony** at the Scera Shell, 699 South State, Orem. Ralph Laycock will conduct the orchestra in a special free Sunday pops concert at 7:30 pm

Aug. 14, Some of the area's best pianists will perform in the fourth annual novelty "**Monster Concert**" at 8:30 pm at the Scera Shell.

ART FILM

Avalon Theater, 3605 S State, Classic Movies, Tue. is \$1. Call 266-0258 or 264-8431 for shows and times.

Blue Mouse, 260 E 100 S, SLC, 364-3471, presents:

Little Dorrit 1, July 26-Aug. 3, 5:15, 8:20, w/ 2:00 matinee Sat. and Sun.
High Hopes, Aug. 4-10, 5:15, 7:20, 9:25
Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown, Aug. 11-17, 7:20, 9:00
High Hopes, Aug. 11-17, 5:15
Pathfinder, Aug. 18-24, 7:15, 9:00
Sherman's March, Aug. 19-20, 26-27, 2:30 matinee
Pathfinder, Aug. 25-31, 5:15
Tarkovsky, Aug. 25-31, 7:00
The Sacrifice, Aug. 25-31, 8:50

Cinema In Your Face, 45 W 300 S, SLC, 364-3647, presents:

Slaves of New York, July 26-27, 5:15, 7:25, 9:35
Little Dorrit 2, July 28-Aug. 10, 7:15 w/ 2:00 matinee Sat. and Sun.
Batman (the original 1966 version), July 28-Aug. 3, 5:15, 10:20
Eraserhead, Aug. 4-10, 5:20, 10:30
Animation Festival, Aug. 11-24, 5:15, 7:00, 8:45, 10:30
Little Dorrit 2, Aug. 12-13, 19-20, 2:00 matinee
Exquisite Corpses, Aug. 25-31, 5:20, 10:20
Split, Aug. 25-31, 7:00, 8:40
BENEFIT, Aug. 31, 7:00

July 31 at 6:00, 7:00, and 8:00 pm: "**Mzimba: Portrait of a Spring**" will be shown at the Monte L. Bean Museum

MOVIE HOTLINES

Provo Showings 378-6000
Dollar Movies 375-5667
Varsity Movies 378-3311

ON-CAMPUS

24 hour Activity Update - 378-3056
July 17-Aug. 11, 10:00-12:00, **Modern Dance Workshop**, rm. 185-87 RB. Call 378-4851 for more info.

July 25-29, "**Piano Chording**", E-371, HFAC. Call 378-3559 for info.
July 25-29, "**Wordperfect, Lotus, and More**", 1164 Conference Center. Call 378-3559 for more information
July 28-29 & Aug. 4-5, **Green River Raft Trip**. Call 378-2708 for info.

July 30-Aug. 3, "**Improve Your Interpersonal Style**", 4 day workshop. For information call 378-3559

July 31-Aug. 4, "**English Literature**", 2260 Conf. Center. x3559 for info

July 31-Aug. 4, "**Diagnosis and Remediation of Severe Reading Difficulties**", 2260 Conf. Center. x3559 for info

Aug. 1, 2:00, "**Time Management**", personal dev. workshop, 151A SKWT
Aug. 1-4, **Church Music Workshop**. Call 378-4853 for more info.

Aug. 3, 11:00, "**How to Overcome Test Anxiety**", 1:00, "**Creative Record Keeping**", personal development workshop, 151A, SKWT

August 4, **Campus Party**, 9:00 pm, West Patio & Memorial Lounge

Aug. 4-5, "**Learning to read naturally: A whole language approach to emergent literacy**." 2258-B Conf. Center. x3559 for more info

Aug. 6, **Fireside with Elder L. Tom Perry**, Marriott Center

Aug. 7, 2:00, "**Stress Management**", personal dev. workshop, 151A SKWT

Aug. 8, 11:00, "**Textbook Reading**", personal dev. wrkshp., 151A SKWT

Aug. 9-11, **Genealogy and Family History Seminar**. For info. call 378-4853

Aug. 10, 2:00, "**Developing Self-Esteem**", pers. dev. wrkshp., 151A SKWT

Aug. 11, 11:00, "**Preparing for Finals**", personal dev. wrkshp., 151A SKWT

Aug. 11, **Campus Party**, 9:00 pm, West Patio & Memorial Lounge

Aug. 15, **Tuition Payment Deadline**

Aug. 15-18, **Reading Days and Finals**

Aug. 17, 5:00 pm, **Academic Procession**

Aug. 17, 5:30 pm, **Commencement Exercises at the Marriott Center**

Aug. 18, 9:00-10:45 am, **President's Reception for grads and parents**

Aug. 18, 11:00-12:30, **Commencement Brunch**

Aug. 18, 1:30-7 pm, **College Convocations**

Aug. 18-19, 212 J. Reuben Clark Law Building, "**Your Infant Reading and Writing...With Your Love**." x3559 for information

Aug. 21-25, **Education Week**

Aug. 24-26, **Leadership Conference**, Timp Lodge

Aug. 27-29, **Y-group Leader Training**, Aspen Grove, Timp Lodge

Aug. 28-30, **Annual University Conference**

Aug. 31, **Soap Box** (every Wed. at 12 pm)

Aug. 31-Sept. 2, **Orientation activities** Daily at the Bell Tower, 12:00-12:30, lunch accompanied by carillon music

Every Tuesday at 4:00 pm, **Statistics dept. lecture** in 301 TMCB

Every Wednesday at 4:00 pm, **Physics seminar** in 260 ESC

Wed. 5-7:30 pm, Sat 5-7 pm, All you can eat buffet, **ELWC Cafeteria**

Second Thurs. of Aug., **Planeterium lectures** at 7:30 and 8:30 in 492 ESC

Every Thursday at 9:00, 10:00, and 12:00 one-act plays are presented at **Nelke Experimental Theater**.

Friday nights, 7:30 & 8:30 pm, **BYU Planeterium**, rm. 171 ESC, something's going on, call 378-4361

Saturdays, **Wordperfect classes** at the Word Center, 122 ELWC

Beginners class from 8:00-9:00 am

Intermediate class from 9:00-10:00 am

Cost is \$.50 per class

Computer problem hotline: 378-2089 or visit the **Computer Consultation Center** Mon.-Fri. 8:00-5:00 pm

THEATER

"**West Side Story**" at the Backstage Dinner Theater, 65 N University, Provo. Call 377-6905 for reservations.

"**A...My Name is Alice**," Walker Hall, Westminster College, 1840 S 13th E, Sundays, 7 pm, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 8 pm through July 30.

"**Promised Valley**," Salt Lake Community College South City Campus, football field (formerly South High School), 17th S, 2nd E, Mondays through Saturdays through Aug. 19, 8 pm.

"**I Forgot to Remember**," Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main, Mondays through Saturdays, 8 pm through Aug. 7

"**Nothing Like the Sun**," Randall Theater, Southern Utah State College, Cedar City, Mondays, Thursdays, 2 pm through August.

"**The Tempest**," Adams Theater, SUCS, Mondays, Thursdays, 8:30 pm through Sept. 2. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, 2 pm

"**The Imaginary Invalid**," Randall Theater, SUCS. Mondays, Thursdays through Aug. 31, 8:30 pm. Friday matinees, 2 pm through Sept. 1.

"**The Pirates of Penzance**," Sundance Resort, Provo Canyon, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 8:30 pm. continues on odd calendar dates through Sept. 2. Dress warmly, theater outside.

"**The Mikado**," Utah Theater, 148 S Main, Aug. 5, 11, 14, 19, 25, and 28, and Sept. 2, 7:30 pm.

"**The Sally Kathleen Claim, or All That Glitters is Not Gold**," melodrama, Desert Star Theatrics, Pioneer Trail Park, 2601 Sunnyside Ave., Mondays, Fridays, Saturdays, 7:30 pm through Sept. 4

"**Annie Get Your Gun**," Wheeler Farm, 6351 S 9th E, Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays 8 pm through Sept. 4

"**Singin' in the Rain**," Sundance Resort, Provo Canyon, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 8:30 pm then on even calendar dates through Sept. 2. Dress warmly, theater outside.

"**Celebrating the Light**," Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 7:30 pm through Sept. 2. Presented by BYU Young Ambassadors

"**The Glass Menagerie**," Randall Theater, Cedar City, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 8:30 pm through Sept. 2

"**MacBeth**," Adams Theater, SUCS, Cedar City, Tuesdays, Fridays, 8:30 pm through Sept. 2

"**The Winter's Tale**," Adams Theater, SUCS, Wednesdays, Saturdays, 8:30 pm through Sept. 2

"**Dial 'M' for Murder**," Old Lyric Theater, 28 W Center, Logan, 8 pm, Aug. 3, 11, 19

"**Little Shop of Horrors**," Lagoon Opera House, Farmington, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 pm through Aug. 26

"**Romeo and Juliet**," Center Stage Theater, 3350 S Highland Dr., Thursdays through Saturdays, 8 pm, Sundays, 7 pm through Aug. 13

"**Blithe Spirit**," Pardoe Theater, HFAC, Thursday through Saturday, 7:30 pm, then Tuesdays through Saturdays through Aug. 12. Matinee Aug. 7, 4 pm

"**Working**," Alfred Theater, Browning Center, Weber State College, Ogden, Tuesday through Saturday, 7:30 pm

"**Little Shop of Horrors**," Old Lyric Theater, 28 W Center, Logan, Saturday and Aug. 2, 10, 16-17, 8 pm

"**Angry Housewives**," Egyptian Theater, Park City, Thursdays through Saturdays, 8 pm, alternating weekly with "Bedroom Farce," through Sept. 4

"**Anne of Green Gables**," Jester Theatre, upstairs, Utah Theatre, 148 S Main, Saturday and July 31, Aug. 4, 7, 12, 18, 19, 21, 26, and Sept. 1, 7:30 pm. Matinees Aug. 5, 19, 2 pm

"**Snow White**," Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N 200 E, Lindon. Call 785-1186 for more information

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